THE SCEPTRE

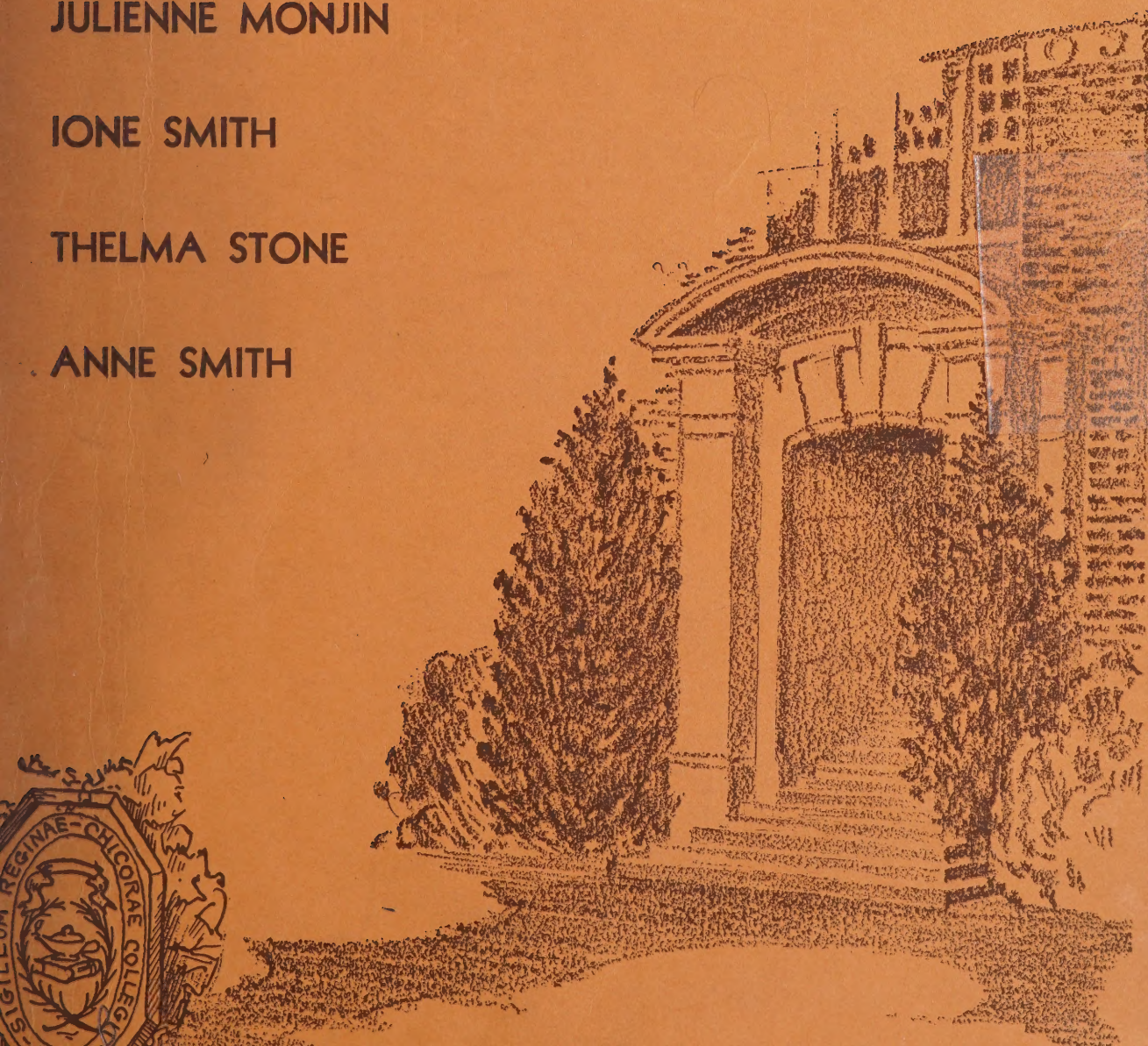
OCTOBER 1932

JULIENNE MONJIN

IONE SMITH

THELMA STONE

ANNE SMITH



The SCEPTRE

The Official Literary Publication of the Students of Queens-Chicora College

FOUNDED 1928

Member of the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association

Volume 5 **October, 1932** **Number 1**

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"There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he looked upon, that object
he became.
And the object became part of him for the day or a
certain part of the day,
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years."

We are not self-sufficient nor are we self-contained. It is a trite-ism to say "I am a part of all I have met" or to repeat Walt Whitman; yet before those came into common parlance, they were pregnant statements.

Do we realize when we walk through the halls of our school the several personalities behind the familiar faces? Can we hope to know all of them well? They can become a very part of us.

Some of us have traveled, others have read, some have met new people, others have lived in interesting places. Those things we know and have seen have made us—each an individual. We are to remain so, but in growing we absorb and give off atoms of personality. In college we collect and store knowledge. In history and literature and art and music, new avenues are opened before us. But a greater part of our learning should come from the living—from those about us. We are gathered from the four corners of the earth to be thrown into intimate contacts for four years. We live vicariously, especially here where our experiences of necessity cannot duplicate those of our fellows. We will know certain things; we will have seen certain scenes because of the experiences of someone else.

Through some common means of exchange we can and should share our thoughts, our ideas, our bits of varied information. The *Sceptre* welcomes such contributions. Through its pages you may gain some object that may become a part of you for a certain part of the day.

THE EDITOR.

Roman France

Julienne Monjin

In the quietude of an autumn day our thoughts naturally revert to the happy and feverish days of a long summer vacation spent traveling on the old continent. In our mind's eye we review one by one the new places visited and cast a kind glance to old familiar ones. The ocean trip first comes to mind in all its vividness. We still hear the sound of the rolling waves beating against the flank of the ship. Bits of songs come to our lips, bringing back memories of moonlit waters. Then we remember the eager faces of passengers reaching the shores of France, the land of their desires.

For the hurried tourist, France is concentrated in Paris and its "environs," but the time spent in visiting her principal monuments scarcely suffices to the more interested visitor who goes to France to learn to know the country, for it is by getting acquainted with people and their customs that we learn to love them. Notwithstanding the fact that no city in the world is so alluring to travelers as Paris, the provincial towns offer greater interest because they have retained to a large extent their primitive aspect.

Nowhere have nature and art combined more harmoniously and with greater effect than in the South of France. The sunshine, scenery, and historical attractions of this lovely region are incomparable. The towns of Avignon, Arles, and Nîmes seem to possess inexhaustible charms. Their history lends them beauty and interest; associations with Roman civilization are revealed in every section of the cities.

Reaching Avignon by train, our gaze is directed toward a smiling countryside along the banks of the Rhône where vineyards are promising an abundant vintage. There is no one who has visited Avignon who has not carried away the most agreeable recollections of it. The "Rocher des Doms," upon which Avignon was founded, is an enormous mass of limestone overhanging on one side the bed of the Rhône river, while on the other side, the city of Avignon offers to the view a magnificent panorama from the terrace overlooking the river. This "Rock of the Doms" was already inhabited in prehistorical ages. From the second century B. C. the Greek geographer, Strabon, mentions it as one of the most important centers in the region. During the Roman period it has had a certain importance, less however, than that of the neighboring cities of Arles, Orange and Nîmes; of the

Roman France

monuments of that period very few vestiges are left. Avignon possesses, however, numerous historical monuments belonging to various periods of French civilization. The Pope's Palace, one of the largest edifices in the world, dates back to the 14th century, that period known in history as the "Babylonian Captivity." This palace with its imposing architectural lines appeals to the imagination as one recalls the grandeur of the Papal court. Its ancient walls covered with famous paintings seem to speak of the past glory of bygone centuries. Leaving the palace, we make our way through the narrowest streets found anywhere in the world. It is there that real picturesque French life may be observed. Women coming from the markets with vegetable baskets in their arms; children running to a distant fountain to draw drinking water at lunchtime; men and women carrying long pieces of golden-crusted bread, bought on their way back from work. Besides, it is often on those forgotten streets paved with cobblestones that jewels of architecture may be found.

Arles and Nîmes are especially interesting for their original architecture. Founded by a Roman legion in 47 B. C., Arles presents various aspects of Roman civilization. It was under the reign of Augustus that the city was fortified and had several of its fine monuments constructed. From that period dates the Roman amphitheatre, the Theatre, the Forum, and the Ramparts. One is well repaid for a visit to the immense arenas which are now used for bull fights. Their columns in the Doric and the Corinthian style delight the lovers of ancient architecture. After the arenas, one of the most interesting places to visit is the promenade of "Les Aylscamps," an old Roman cemetery, which was to them the land of the blessed. The empty tombs of great Romans, bearing various inscriptions, are placed under the shade of magnificent trees bordering the walk which leads to an ancient chapel.

It is in Nîmes, however, that one finds the best examples of early Roman civilization. Well preserved vestiges of its former splendor can be seen today. Nothing appeals more to the fatigued traveler than a leisurely landau ride on a hot summer evening along the shady avenue leading to the arenas and to the "Maison caree," the ancient

capitol of the Roman city. Looming in the distance, the ruins of the Temple of Diana, half-hidden by trees, may be seen, adorning now a public garden which occupies the site of the old public baths.

Roman France

On leaving Nîmes it is fitting that one should visit the celebrated town of Orange, well known today for its "Theatre Antique" where thousands of spectators are delighted each year with the presentation of some great French classic plays of the 17th century. One finds there the truly Roman atmosphere so necessary for the interpretation of Corneille's and Racine's plays. The Roman setting, the beauty of thought and the artistic rendering of these plays combined, form a perfect harmony, which affords real pleasure to the cultivated mind. One leaves this spectacle with a deeper understanding of humanity seen through the poetic imagination of some of the greatest French minds.

Restlessness

Into the land of restlessness, the region of my desire,
I seek, I seek, eternally seek for the source of my hidden fire.
The flames that burn in my heart all night
Will I quench with a ruthless hate.
Then wander into the vale of content
With the souls that sleep and wait.

Into the land of restlessness, the region of my desire,
I seek, I seek, I hungrily seek the source of my hidden fire.
And when it lies, a murdered thing,
I will heap my head with blame,
And mourn all the night with histerical grief
For the life of my flame again.

—Marion Caldwell.

Wings

He streaked across the sky on silver wings—my love,
And wrote within the book of history
His story, stopped without the comfort of an ending.
While nations shed fraternal tears for him,
The ones who watched my dry-eyed waiting said
I had no heart; and they were right.
For with my love who streaked across the sky on silver wings,
There was my heart; and down they fell, somewhere, together—
Into a mystery.

—KATHERINE MCLESKEY.

●

Sketches

Last night we walked—you and I—hand in hand—Above, the moon shone like a golden lamp, and the stars played skip-rope—laughing—winking—.

The world was wrapped in a silver screen—calm—peaceful—cool—We were alone—the night was hushed—half gone—We talked of your poems, of the fir trees dimly outlined against the sky—and of love—We were so near and we *talked* of love. Why?

—MARGARET ASHCRAFT.

●

Pierre paints his pictures in the window of a department store! He paints flower-splotched hills, water-falls, and setting suns. People watch him—school children, a greasy Italian who smells of garlic, and a woman with a basket of clothes perched on her head. They watch him dip his brush into the depths of his soul and bring out glorious colors. Is it a real soul that can stand unbared before the mob in the streets?

—MARGARET ASHCRAFT.

Pioneers
Mabel Murphy

In no branch of the science and the art of education has America made a more distinctive contribution than in that of school music in the public schools.

The child who has a musical training experiences an aesthetic development and mental co-ordination which cannot be secured in any other way. He develops concentration, and becomes more receptive, responsive, and alert.

Though music in education was widely recognized before Plato's time, it was not adapted to regular day school education until the eighteenth century. Dr. Lowell Mason and Frederick Froebel were among the first to employ music as an essential part of the regular training of children in connection with other studies.

At the age of twenty, Dr. Mason left Boston, his home, and went to Savannah, Georgia, where he worked in a bank during the day and composed music at night. In 1822, the famous Handel and Hayden Society of Boston published a collection of his songs. He soon returned to Boston and became president of the society, which he later turned into an organization of music in the public schools.

A hundred years ago Dr. Mason was the school music supervisor of Boston, the first in America. His educational theories were greatly influenced by the Swiss philosopher and teacher, Pestalozzi. He went to Germany to investigate public school principles, in connection with music. After his return to America, he wrote "Musical Letters from Abroad," a most important contribution to pedagogical literature of that time.

One of the most important influences on Dr. Mason's career was Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. In a recent publication of Ruth E. Finley's excellent biography of Mrs. Hale, we read of this remarkable social influence upon American life and progress.

Mrs. Hale wrote the verses for many of Dr. Mason's school music books. Dr. Mason inspired her to write "Poems for our Children"; and the first poem he set to music was "Mary Had a Little Lamb." These poems were unique, and represented the first steps toward widespread musical education. Sarah Hale and Lowell Mason had set American children singing.

Pioneers

Mrs. Hale was the first American woman to edit a magazine, and presided over the destinies of *Godey's Lady Book.* She insisted that each copy publish a musical composition. Among other things, Mrs. Hale was the first to advocate women as teachers in the public schools; she was an early champion of elementary education for girls equal to that of boys and of higher education for women; she helped organize Vassar College; she demanded for housekeeping the dignity of a profession and put the term "domestic science" into the language; she was the first to suggest public playgrounds; she sent out the first medical missionaries—and was responsible for Thanksgiving as a national holiday.

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Questions

I.

I saw a star fall!—where did it fall?
Why did the star fall—what was its call?
I stood there wondering—why was it so?
Why did the star fall—where did it go?

II.

I saw a candle flicker and die.
A small voice within me whispered, "Why?"
Where was the yellow flame—where did it go?
Why was the darkness—Why was it so?

III.

I'll always wonder and ask myself why,
But I'll never comprehend—why should I try?
Yet—I must ponder the wherefore of all.
Where did the light go—why did the star fall?

—Virginia E. Sampson.

The Sacred Mountain of Shantung

Ione Smith

Tai-shan is one of the five holy mountains of China, situated in the province of Shantung near the city of Tai-an-fu. The scene itself is one that is mentioned again and again in the oriental classics. The entire hill is covered with altars, pagodas, shrines, and temples, dedicated to the heroes of the nation. In the early spring, when the last thin veil of winter dies and the life of new nature begins, thousands of pilgrims tramp these hills. Among these ancient pilgrims were the ancestors of Confucius, and it was in these hills and beautiful surroundings that he was born. His life added to its fame, and he has been and still is reverenced as the father of nature and sacrifice.

A narrow cobble-stone path leads out from the center of the city, Tai-an-fu, toward the ascending mountain road of more than six-thousand steps. The most common mode of travel, if one does not care to walk, is by palanquin. This is a chair of twisted rope hanging between two long bamboo poles joined by a shaft at either end and carried on the shoulders of two men. You will receive more blessings from the spirits if you walk up and down, but chairs have been introduced since so many foreigners have visited the hill. From one of the highest points one can see for miles on either side, and it was here, tradition tells us, that Confucius said he could see his world of oceans, rivers, canals, and mountains. There is nothing lacking, nor is there anything that could be added to make these hills seem more beautiful.

The "Great Mountain" symbolizes mystery, wisdom, worship, and religion, as well as being considered the origin of life and death. Nature is its token of mystery. At the side of a long, winding mountain path, cut into the rock, there are the characters for "Chin-ju-chia-ching," meaning you are about to enjoy a beautiful scene. There could be no truer statement. High mountains, deep valleys, precipitous rocks, water falls, cascades, turbulent streams, evergreens and towering pines; entirely different from the bare mountain plateau just passed. Then, high on the edge of the opposite cliff, out of a white haze of mist towers the peak of Lotus Flower Mountain. Every view is a mystery in itself. Rocks mark the paths that great men walked or repeat the words of notorious philosophers. "Hsien-ma-ai"

The Sacred Mountain of Shantung

(horse resting place), is the spot where Emperor Koa Tung alighted from his horse and rested. Now, a stone bears the above inscription and a little tea-house rest-room marks the spot. The first emperor of the Chin Dynasty preferred five tall pines to commemorate the spot where he sacrificed to heaven. The Taoists built a small temple of iron tiles, brass, and bronze, to their Empress of the Skies, "The Lady of the Mountain." The rocks tell of its wisdom. The rich and the poor, the educated and the illiterate, the lord and the peasant, all come to worship in these same temples, to the same gods. Outside one of the Buddhist temples is the Cliff of Sacrifice, where many who feel that they have committed too much sin to be forgiven, throw themselves down onto the sharp boulders below. After passing through the Middle Heaven Gate of white carved stones, one cannot help but feel a sense of reverence. Before it are the large marble columns of th Tai-miao, a shrine built by the Taoists centuries ago. Its floor is of square grey stones, and its ceiling of yellow-green tiles, signifying rest, peace, comfort, and happiness. An old abbot dwells in this temple to guard the altar in which there are the remains of a priest who sat for days without food or drink, without speaking, listening only to the things of the inner soul. A jade slab covers his mummified but not decayed body, and the huge jewel is noticeably cold at one end and hot at the other. The whole mountain is sacred to the hearts of Buddhists, Taoists, and Confucianists. Can we wonder now that these orientals of a different religion from our own have faith in this to be the origin of life and the power of death?

Confucius, who tried to revive the best in the past, not to develop the beliefs of the future, lived, taught and worshiped in these hills. "Fei-en-ko" Flying Clouds Temple, the hall in which he most often worshiped, is on the summit of one of the highest points. One day as he was going home at sunset, he saw the crippled form of an old woman crouched by the temple wall. She begged and pleaded with him to kill all wild beasts, for her father, husband, and son had all met death in the claws of a tiger. All that his tongue could say was that oppressive rule is more cruel than a tiger. Disciples of Confucius have lived near this spot since his death in their little hut among the pines.

Chufoo, a little country town about twenty miles away, was the

The Sacred Mountain of Shantung

burial place for the Father of Chinese Classics. Confucius so loved nature that his followers thought a memory of him would be incomplete without some token of the forest. Behind a massive stone gateway, seen at the end of a long cypress lined road, is the burial ground of Confucius and his clan. On one side is the grave of his father and on the other is the tomb of his son. The great mound in the center, overgrown with shrubbery is the resting place of Confucius. Some of the trees are too old to stand and they are crumbling rapidly away, even some of the temples on his mountain are decaying; but all these memories of the past, all these beauties of nature, all the national love for Confucius will remain as "From of Old the Everlasting Spring."

•

Fall

Patter, patter of falling acorns. Tiny, round, brown ones. Long green-yellow ones. Large, shiny, brown ones—blue-hazed like persimmons. Some part orange, part brown. Rough cups. Crushed shells. Scattered helter-skelter over the ground.

Browning leaves. Dead ones fluttering to the ground. Sered yellow leaves clinging to the trees. Red ones—scarlet lights among the green. Rustling. Whirling in the wind. Dusty. Scuffling through the banks of them.

Street dresses—smart, modish. Dark browns. Deep greens. Wine reds. Black and white. Melting and blending in crowds. Cocky hats. Piquant veils.

Heavy-hanging, leaden skies. Drizzly rains. Isolation.

Wood noises. Whirring wings of a brown bird. Squirrel's chatter. Bay of hunting dogs. White tail of a frightened rabbit. Low flying doves. Sharp crack of a gun. Blue-grey smoke. Echo.

Hazy sunsets. Glowing ball. Crimson. Streaks of gold. Grey-green clouds. Infinite blue sky. Black specks—wedge shaped column of south-seeking birds.

Cool, crisp mornings. Hint of frost. Mist, swept away by pale sunlight. Dew-spangled cobwebs. Acrid odor of burning leaves.

—Edith Storm.

When the walls and ceilings of the house press in,
And I tower over chairs and rugs and things
And like a spider in his web, I roam
Within the pattern of an ordered home,
Where darkness can be suddenly bright
By merely touching an electric light
Sometimes I go out into the night.

And the darkness of the night is still
And when I look up over Robin Hill—
The millions of the stars I see
Are countless! . . . and scattered wide and free.
And changing clouds against the inky sky
Veil the moon as they drift idly by
So far away . . . so far . . . so high.

And while I peer into the endless space
There's a pitying smile on the moon's old face—
And I feel myself grow small . . . grow small
And what do I matter at all . . . at all?
An atom . . . in a universe
Ah, thinking makes it only worse!
And I am glad to escape within
Within my home; again feel king
And glad to have the walls close in.

—Marion Townend.

•

You lit a tiny trembling flame
That flickered and sputtered;
Then slowly grew into a pale white light,
That burned steadily the darkness through.
Its gleam penetrated the darkest corners
Of the room, lighting the whole.
But when morning came, you
Carelessly left the light burning,
And now I have not the strength to quench it.

—Lottie Lane Joyner.

and felt like Columbus and Lindbergh rolled into one at our first sight of land after 3000 miles of Atlantic.

In 1932—I Sailed Across the Ocean Blue
Thelma Stone

It was a sunny morning in June when we entered the harbor of Cherbourg. France had sent out a whole army of sea-gulls to escort us in. They swooped and swerved in a snowy cloud above us, and the spray behind our ship foamed with jealousy because it was not so white. Right in the center of the green water, with the birds flashing all about us, the ship anchored, and a little tender puffed out to get the "foreigners." We were the foreigners, with the French colors floating overhead.

Before tackling the customs, we turned for a last glimpse of our red and black ship standing far off against the skyline. We waved it goodbye and raced after the porters. The customs officers were kind. We looked innocent and dumb, so they knew we didn't have any contraband goods. We were allowed to dash for the boat-train, and fall up all the steps—trying to be first. Paris was ahead! Late in the evening we reached it, and our little hotel on the Boulevard Haussmann. The hotel people welcomed us with open arms. Two maids took our bags upstairs, and blacked our boots in the mornings. The proprietor himself changed our five franc (20c) piece about once a day when we needed centimes for stamps. The red-headed man in a gray smock who swept the halls every morning helped me untangle the French telephone system trying to get a number; and the proprietor's blond wife came to each meal to see that we got our favorite dishes. All were my favorites. Their chef was our dream of what a French chef should be.

The next day, and days after, we used up all the subways, busses, and our feet, seeing the monuments of Paris. We also used all of our French vocabulary and had to get some more. O. O. McIntyre disgusted his wife by wondering if he could race through the Louvre on roller skates with a flashlight. We were nobler. When we got tired, we just sat down in the center of a gallery on the first convenient seat, and studied all the pictures facing us until we felt rested enough to walk some more.

At the American Express—which we visited rather often—I asked for mail in French to impress the Americans behind. I never was sure that they took me for a Frenchman. In spite of my heroic efforts,

In 1932— I Sailed Across the Ocean Blue

people politely told me "vous etes americaine, mademoiselle?" Finally one day a German girl and I got revenge. The English speaking guide at the Conciergerie asked us "Would you like a guide, ladies?" Coldly we answered "Nous ne comprenons pas l'anglais."

Ever since reading Rousseau, I had longed to tramp over France in the summertime. So from the French capital, we went to the country, a little village in the east built around its church where the soldiers' graves outnumbered all the rest. I saw old iron wayside-crosses on a country road, and picked red poppies from the cornfields. I climbed the hills and gathered all the wild flowers. Then mounted them on paper, and a sweet old Frenchman wrote down their names for me. I watched the process of charcoal making in the pine woods.

We heard one evening that in the little Provençal town of Orange, Corneille's "Polyeucte" was to be acted in the amphitheatre—an old Roman ruin. That "tout le monde" would be going. Of course we had to go too. By this time we had discovered the relief of having no baggage along to hamper our whims, so with only a handbag each, we hopped on the 6 o'clock train for Orange, eating a picnic supper in the compartment with our French companions. The play was to begin at 8:30. Our train arrived at 8:35. A taxi bumped us along, an inch an hour, we felt, hoping against hope that all the tickets would not be sold. Tumbling from the taxi, we flew to the window, and secured the precious tickets. We and our grips mounted up and up and up until our heads bumped the clouds. The stars laughed at us. No seats here. Only the top of a grassy hill. Who cared? Our grips were made to be sat upon. And already in the valley a magnificent orchestra had begun a Beethoven sonata. These French play-lovers had come for miles around, and now sat on stone blocks worn by the ages and the old Romans, while on the stage below, actors from the "Théâtre français" held them spellbound.

Part of our fun was in having no set schedule. If a town turned out to be too interesting to leave, we stayed. When, on the train to Arles, we suddenly remembered to look for the stop and saw "Arles" vanishing behind us, what did it matter? We were headed for the blue Mediterranean, and Arles waited for Marseilles. Once we played hooky from school, took our lunch up the side of an Alp, and ate it

(the lunch) by a deserted water-mill, while the bees and birds sang all about us and the brook danced down to the river.

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A month in the Alps! At Grenoble we parked—almost on the quai of the Lisere river. The snow-capped mountains towered all about us. The town piled up the mountain on one side of the river, and out in the valley on the other until stopped by more Alps. Like Hannibal, we three crossed the Alps—on bicycles. The Chateau of Vizille had tempted us until we could no longer resist going. So we tied a lunch and our sweaters on the handlebars, and then went up and over the mountains, pushing our lazy bicycles up one side while the ungrateful things raced us down the other. As punishment, we deserted them in the courtyard of the Chateau, while *we* mounted the towers. At sundown they behaved well. They took us along the river, on the French National Highway which is shaded by trees and smoothly paved. (Our muscles were grateful for the lack of bumps. We had travelled 28 miles.) Fireworks on the river that night brought to a close our 14th of July celebration. We insist that the fireworks were to celebrate our crossing of the Alps, and our record-sprint home. Hannibal had just an old elephant and no fireworks?

At Grenoble our week-day schedule went something like this. At 7 a. m. we arose, dressed, and set out with books and umbrella. (If it were not raining when we started, we knew it would be when we came back.) The highest peaks would still be shrouded in their night-caps of mist. At the end of the quai we ate our "croisants" and "cafe," then wound through the cobbled little "Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau" until a turn to the left brought us full in the center of the market-square. Here, from sunrise, all of Grenoble came to fill their long black bags with marketing. Trucks and carts loaded and unloaded; sellers cried out their prices; dogs barked merrily; bicycle bells rang people out of their way; the streets were strewn with paper, excelsior and boxes; people bumped into each other in the crowd, laughed and said "Bon jour, ça va?" We tried not to look at the red cherries, but usually a franc's worth got taken to school and was eaten behind a propped book. Once through the market-square, we found ourselves before the fountain in "Place Notre Dame," and the church bells would be ringing morning mass (reminding us that we were late for school). Just beyond was the short "Rue du Vieux Temple." Now

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the Old Temple held jolly students from 20 countries. Our French professors laughed at us, made sarcastic corrections of our marvelous pronunciation, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Italians, Germans, Belgians, Spaniards, Japs, English, Americans, Russians, etc.—the class would have been a real Tower of Babel, except that everybody had to speak French to know what it was all about.

At last a farewell visit to Paris, where already the leaves were falling in the old "Jardin du Luxembourg" and the warm summer evenings had turned to chilly autumn nights. Then off through the apple orchards of Normandy, stopping a few hours at Lisieux where crowds of pilgrims were praying at the shrine of their little Saint Thérèse, and finally one evening the train took us toward the sea-lashed coasts of Brittany. Stormy weather greeted us at Cherbourg. Rain, driving in from the sea, stung our faces. High winds flung the tree tops back and forth and roared all the night. France's smiling welcome on the morning we arrived met our feeling of joy. Now her winds and rain seemed to fit our mood of sorrow at leaving her beautiful country. We embarked and watched the French coastline until a curtain of rain blotted it out of sight.

Back Yard

The sun was good—
And the morning glories stretched their wet bud knobs
Lifting flushed faces to its warmth.
Over the white alley gate
Stray hollyhocks thrust their bonnets pinkly.
And back in the rock garden pool
One star-pointed lily lay.
In their narrow corner niche
A flame of Cathay poppies
Leaped, ragged, to the fence.
The wind brought a sudden fragrance,
A subtle, heady scent—
The neighbor next door
Was hanging out her wash.

—Carol Reeves.

A Day in London

Anne Smith

"London Bridge is falling down,

My fair lady—"And here we were. I found myself waiting for "choose: oranges or apples" to be whispered in my ear. This time I chose "seeing London." We came to a group of greyish towers surrounded by a high stone wall—London Tower. Thoughts rushed to my mind—Sir Walter Raleigh with only his solitary walks and his massive "History of the World" to keep him occupied; lovely Mary of the Scots whose frail beauty must have quailed from the coldness of the walls; and the troops of the wronged whom Bloody Mary sent to the block. Up those same steps worn by the weary tread of innumerable prisoners I came and entered the Jewel Room of the Tower where for many years the crown jewels of England have been kept. Among the many rich jewels lay a sceptre bearing a heart-shaped diamond measuring the size of my two fists—the largest diamond in the world.

There were many places I wanted to go while I was in London and the Old Curiosity Shop was not the least of these. Facing on a narrow street was the quaint, old-fashioned front of the shop as Dickens saw it. The people have kept tradition alive, for the Old Curiosity Shop was still selling books and curiosities. From here we hurried to St. James Palace for the change of guards was to take place at ten-thirty and it was already ten. Pushing our way through the crowd in front of the palace we found a spot from which we had an unobstructed view of the courtyard where the ceremony was to take place. The guards in uniforms of white, blue, and red and topped off with a tall, heavy busby looked like tin soldiers as they drilled. The guard coming off duty stood at attention while the new guard, to the tune of a dirge, marched down the street and into the courtyard. The ceremony consisted of characteristic drilling, after which the old guard marched out in formation leaving the new guard to take its place.

We agreed that the National Gallery would be a good place to browse awhile in the afternoon. After seeing so many of the paintings of the Old Masters, it was a pleasant change to see some of the more modern works of art. I felt quite at home among the familiar works of Sargent, Gainesborough, and Reynolds. The very modern art was no more pleasing to me in an English gallery than it is in an American one. Tea—hot buttered scones, tea, and jam—was served at little round tables placed on the lawn in front of the gallery.

A Day in London

A ramshackelty old taxi took us to Westminster Abbey where we entered the side door leading directly to the Poets' Corner. Here the bust of Longfellow was a familiar face to me in a land of strangers. I had had visions of the quiet hour of vespers at the Abbey, but instead there were crowds of curious tourists who were harshly whispering and peering around irreverently. A simple marble slab in the floor near one of the doors marked the resting place of the Unknown Soldier of England. There a fire was continually burning. Westminster Abbey was indeed an appropriate setting for such a memorial. As we were leaving the Abbey, I turned for one last glance and saw the glory of the late afternoon sun shining through the beautiful stained windows.

From the many shows we wished to see, we finally decided upon Galsworthy's "Escape" for that night. Up Piccadilly is a lovely drive at night—especially the brightly lighted theater district. We were a bit late so the show had already started when we reached our seats. The play was wonderful, even though it did leave us hanging in mid-air just as "The Lady or the Tiger." The fog scenes were especially effective because of the peculiar, realistic lighting effects. It was fun, between scenes, to watch the people around us and to listen to them talk.

When we returned to the hotel, we had sandwiches and talked 'til way past time for us to be in bed.

●

Wages

We came from ends untold, and chance, unsought,
For just a moment let our pathways cross;
Fate snatched us from the moil for just a space,
Then thrust us back inconsequent and lost.

From bitter twists like this I learn to think
The things I wrest from life have no amount;
I am a menial of lofty sire—
It is the things life throws to me that count.

INÉZ DELLINGER.

Aloha

Rebekah Hassell

Five bells ringing, and the ropes were slipping between the ship and the dock. Three hoarse funnel-blasts vibrated through the giant liner, and the ropes were sliding apart from the ship and land. The deck was teeming with passengers calling farewells, and the rails were bulging with garlanded figures, impossible to identify, for the aromatic wreaths completely muffled the individuals.

A lanky man came striding up at the last moment, swinging at arm's length a golden-white neck-wreath intended for the adornment of some apparent notable, obese and docile beneath a bruised load of several score wreaths already.

On the wharf, people of every status of society strained against the dock gates, and waved a sea of faces and of bristling arms up at the liner's decks.

As the dark green water widened in the chasm between the lofty iron wall and the wooden dock far beneath, the sea became alive with swimmers' bronzed bodies, so thick they would remind one of a school of fishes. Round they swam, with leisurely strokes. Presently we are aware of urging voices, Fifty-cents, fifty-cents? No?" "Quarter!"

When we crane our necks to see high up on the level of the top deck, balanced on the very edge of the life-boat, a swarthy Hawaiian is already stretching his sinews. Off he flips in a full-breasted swan-dive, sailing down, down, and slips suddenly into the emerald depths to pursue a glinting small silvery disc. One after another the beautiful, taut bodies of bronzed divers spring off and plunge through space, and catch their flickering prizes in their mouths before they sink too deep.

A marvelously agile diver displays his perfect "Jack-knife." Others follow his example, until no more divers are left on board, swinging to the top rails or white life-boats. Fewer and fewer swimmers are able to keep up with the fast-moving liner, and those that remain no longer swim so leisurely, nor have time to dive and swim under the surface like playful ducks. One by one they turn back and are swallowed up in dark distance.

Slowly the harbor stretches out its arms on either side, at last relinquishing its welcome hold. The dark is no longer distinct. The

white-faced tower alone stands up from the water front, still saying "Aloha," which is both Welcome and Farewell in Hawaiian native tongue.

Aloha

The crumpled gilded ridges of the island shoulders the sun, and a mist sheds a halo about the fast-disappearing Island of Liquid Sunshine and glory, and lets us leave with our blooming souvenirs and still spicy garlands.

●

Desire

Give me a room to go to
When I wish to be alone.
A small room—a still room,
A room with a quiet tone.

And give me an open fireplace
With a deep chair by its side
And give me a man's richest treasure—
A book to be my guide.

And when I care not to read
But rather desire to rest,
Grant me pleasant thoughts
Of the things in life that are best.

—Virginia E. Sampson.

●

A Sliding Door

Am I like a sliding door
That Life is pushing along the track?
And when I get out of rut
Life must needs give me
Several sharp knocks
Till he has put me on again;
Or take me out of the doorway
Entirely?

—Rebekah Hassell.

Preferences of a Librarian
Rena Harrell

The Librarian has come to feel the truth of Emily Newell Blair's statement in Good Housekeeping: that the worst thing about Charles Morgan's *The Fountain* is, that being quite the best novel of a generation, it spoils the pleasure of one's later reading because other current novels do not measure up to its phenominal qualities. At least having read it in July and adored the author's frequent reverting to Plato, I have found many of the much-bepraised items of the fall—flat.

It is so with Priestley's *Faraway,* which isn't as good as *Treasure Island* or de Stacpoole's *Golden Ballast* with which it may be appropriately compared. It is incredibly long (he uses the word "incredible" an incredible number of times to be a writer of good standing). The dialect of two minor sea characters who have too much to say is tedious. About the best thing I can say for the book is that if the adult love had been left out, Priestley might have made an excellent children's book out of his creation. The story is about one William Dursley, an Englishman, who was left an island-ful of radium ore by an old uncle who wished two others to share the fortune. He told William about Faraway island and gave to the other two persons the latitude and the longitude, individually. One of the persons turns out to be a young woman, a kind of thorough-going daredevil who finds success on the screen eventually and is subsequently married and divorced. William himself comes home from Faraway, after admitting that another party had an indisputable right to whatever "treasure" there was, and marries a girl in England whom it had never occurred to him before in his forty years to appreciate.

A more readable adventure story is Beatrice Brown's *For the Benefit of Antonio.* It is a tale of Italian revolution, or party warfare. Antonio Vareni, the son of a nobleman, joined the communist ranks. The greater part of the narrative is taken up with the perilous attempts of an utter stranger to find him in order that he might deliver a message from an old Vareni aunt, who, by the way, is a cameo. But the charm of the book comes from the beauty of old decaying frescoes, the loveliness of the Italian gardens which the author does not claim are actual, and the decidedly rare gift of the writer to hit upon unique expressions whereby for the reader certain landscapes are flooded with light. The title is taken from the inscription on the garden temple at the Vareni estate—a miniature gem, done for An-

tonio in his childhood. But the book under any other title would be as enjoyable.

Preferences of a Librarian

Max Miller's *I Cover the Waterfront* is without plot or hero. In fact it is not a novel at all, but an account of the interesting contacts Max Miller has made on a California waterfront, in the capacity of a reporter. When I came to the chapter on the old sea captain who toured the country with his embalmed whale some years ago, I was more than thrilled, for that old captain made a talk in our college chapel and was a breath of salt air not often met with. Mr. Miller's book has had a deservedly wide reading and is being made, by the Reliance Picture Corporation, along with some other features, into a film to be released by United Artists.

I haven't been able to get hold of *Peiking Picnic* about which I am curious and about which I am willing to wager one thing: that it will be fascinating. The book has had favorable reviews in the Atlantic, Saturday Literary Review, and elsewhere; enough to warrant one's investigating it personally.

An extraordinarily clever story of the month is that of Mary Ellen Chase, a Smith College instructor, called "Mrs. Penlust on the Damascus Road" in the October Atlantic. Mrs. Penlust, not the least dissuaded by adverse criticism, just knew she could write. The magazines in their front advertising sections had said she could, if she only would. And despite the futile prophecy of her instructor, she sells a story called "Bleeding Hearts" to a seed catalog for $3.50. When questioned as to the source of her story, she astonishes the instructor by saying that she had a vision on her Damascus Road and that the trouble with the teacher, if she will excuse her for saying so, is that she thinks too much and does not rely sufficiently on inner vision. It is a delicious story whose equal one will not find, probably, in many seasons.

New Books

State Fair: Phyl Strong. A picture of an Iowan state fair.

The Store: T. S. Stribling. A bald, realistic story of Tennessee, much heralded by the press.

The Young Revolutionist: Pearl Buck. An idealistic picture of a young Chinese boy in present day China.

The Fountain: Charles Morgan. A beautifully written book, mature, philosophical.

And Life Goes On: Vicki Baum. A book with a reversal of the *Grand Hotel* setting. Here some rich Berlin celebrities are detained in a small German town because of an automobile accident.

Three Came Unarmed: Arnot Robertson. Three young members of a missionary's family transplanted from a native African shore to England. Contains interesting reactions to English life.

The Sheltered Life: Ellen Glasgow. Not as good as her *Romantic Comedians;* a collection of good characterizations.

—Marion Townend.

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